

Learn and Teach

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HEYTA DAAR



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Excl GST

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What is the LEARN and TEACH organization?

The Learn and Teach organization helps adults learn to read and write. People learn in groups. Learn and Teach helps people start learning groups. We find a co-ordinator (teacher) for the group and we train the co-ordinator.

We also help groups after they start. We visit groups very often to help them. And we print books for groups to read.

In the groups people learn to read and write in their own language. People learn in Sotho, Xhosa, Zulu, Pedi, Venda, Tswana and Tsonga. When people can read and write in their own language, they learn to read and write in English.

We work with groups in many places. We work with groups in Soweto, Johannesburg, East Rand, Pretoria and Northern Transvaal. We also work with organizations that help learners in Durban and Cape Town.

Do you want to know more about learning groups?

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RETRENCHMENT



THE FIGHT FOR A BETTER DEAL

Thousands of workers have lost their jobs in the past few years. And everyday more workers lose their jobs. Bosses say business is bad - and there is nothing they can do.

Just last week, a big factory in Johannesburg told 200 workers to go. The boss said the factory did not have enough work. When workers lose their jobs in this way, we say the workers are retrenched.

The workers were upset. They know they will suffer - and so will their families. And they were angry. They say "bosses cut workers before they cut profits".

Now trade unions are fighting against retrenchment. They often use the law in their fight. In this story you can read how workers can use the law in the fight against retrenchment.

Sometimes the law is clear. And sometimes the law is not clear. Union leaders say the law is not made for workers. So workers must be very careful when they use the law to fight retrenchment.

The law often can't stop bosses from retrenching workers. But the law says that bosses must do some things when they retrench workers. This part of the law is clear:

- * Bosses must give workers their notice pay. The notice time is different for different factories. But mostly notice is one week for weekly paid workers and two weeks for monthly paid workers.
- * Bosses must give workers their leave pay.
- * Bosses must give workers their blue card. Workers need the blue card to get money from the U.I.F.
- * Bosses must write the correct number on the blue card. The number for retrenchment is 2. If this number is wrong the workers may have to wait a long time to get their money from U.I.F.
- * Bosses cannot retrench contract workers before the contract is finished. Contract workers come from the rural areas. They sign a contract when they begin work. Most contracts are for one year. If the bosses retrench a contract worker before the end of the contract, then the bosses must pay the worker for the time until the contract ends. But bosses are not happy about this law for contract workers. Maybe the law will change to help bosses. So workers must watch out for changes in the law.

THE FIGHT FOR MORE RIGHTS

Workers know that the law gives them very few rights. So in the past two years, many trade unions fought against retrenchment in the courts. They went to court and tried to get more rights.

They said their bosses were not fair when they retrenched workers. Sometimes the workers lost. But sometimes they won - and the courts said things that workers can use in the fight against retrenchment.

Last year a factory called Stobar retrenched six workers. The workers from Stobar belong to the Metal and Allied Workers Union (MAWU).

Later Stobar fired 50 workers. Their bosses said the workers were on a 'go slow' strike. The workers and their union took Stobar to court. They said the retrenchment of the six workers was unfair. They also said the firing of the 50 workers was unfair. The workers won the court case.

Workers from a factory called Fodens also won a big court case. The bosses at



Fodens retrenched two worker leaders. And they fired one contract worker. The workers belonged to the United African Motor and Allied Workers Union. The workers said the bosses were unfair. So they took the Foden's bosses to court - and they won.

In these two cases the courts spoke about retrenchment. The courts said the bosses must do many things before they can retrench workers. Workers can use these two court cases to fight retrenchment. The court didn't give clear rules. But workers can try to demand these things from the bosses;

- * Bosses must prove that they have good reasons for retrenchment.
- * Bosses cannot fire workers only because they belong to a trade union. Bosses must have good reasons for retrenchment. They cannot use retrenchment to fire worker leaders and trade union members.
- * If most of the workers belong to a trade union, then the bosses must talk to the trade union before they retrench workers.
- * Bosses must think of other things before they retrench workers. For example, they can ask workers to work short time (four days a week). Or they can cut down on all overtime. Or they can give workers unpaid leave.
- * Bosses cannot retrench contract workers before their contract is finished.
- * Bosses must tell workers about retrenchment as soon as possible. Workers need time to look for other jobs.
- * Bosses must be fair when they choose workers for retrenchment. They must not choose workers who have worked for many years in the factory. They must retrench new workers first. This is called "last in first out".
- * If bosses retrench workers then they must try to give the workers "severance" pay. Severance pay is money to help the workers while they are looking for new jobs.

Workers can demand all of these things when they are fighting against retrenchment. Because the courts said these things, the bosses must talk to the workers. If the bosses do not talk to the workers, then the workers can take them to court - and the chances are good that the workers will win.

PROBLEMS WITH THE LAW

But workers must be careful. Workers cannot always use the law in the fight for their rights.

Court cases cost a lot of money and workers don't have lots of money. Workers also need a trade union to fight for them. If workers do not belong to a trade union, they will have a hard time fighting retrenchment. Many lawyers say that workers must have a strong organization before they can use the law.

Workers know the problems with the law. They know that these problems will make the fight long and hard. But this will not stop their fight. The fight against retrenchment will go on.



EVEN ON A SUNDAY.

Most of us love Sundays. We sleep a little late. Then we get dressed - in our Sunday clothes. And we feel nice and free.

Some of us go to pray. Some of us fetch a couple of "chommies" for a drink and chat. And some of us look for the shade of a big, green tree.

We are the lucky ones. Some people aren't so lucky - like Nomathemba Sithole. She works even on Sundays. She never gets a chance to wear her Sunday clothes.

Every day of the week, you will find her outside the Ikhwezi station in Soweto. She will be hard at work - cooking meat for her customers on a steel dustbin lid.

We went to visit her. We tasted her "malamohodu". And believe us, it was good. We asked Nomathemba about her life. She told us. And we listened - while we licked our fingers.

Nomathemba Sithole was born in Msinga, Natal. Her family still live there. She was the third of five children. Because her family did not have enough money, Nomathemba and her sisters did not go to school. Nomathemba cannot read or write. She does not know her age.

Like all the other girls in the village, Nomathemba married a migrant worker. He

cleaned offices in Johannesburg. Nomathemba did not see him very often.

In 1969 her husband got very sick. He died three months later. And Nomathemba's troubles began.

Her husband was dead. She had no money. And she had three children to feed. One of her sons, Qiniso, is deaf and he can't talk.

Nomathemba wanted to feed her children. And she wanted to send them to school. So in 1970 she came to Johannesburg to find work. She got a job as a cook. She cooked for workers who cleaned offices.

In 1977 Nomathemba left her job. She went to join some of her friends from Msinga. They worked for an electrical company - as trench diggers. Nomathemba was now a trench digger in Soweto.

Nomathemba did not get more money at the new job. But she was happy because she was working with her friends from the country. "I liked working with my friends," she says. "But I hated digging trenches and I still do."

Then one day last year, Nomathemba and her friends lost their jobs. The company said they had no more work for them.

Nomathemba had problems again. She had no money and she wanted to keep all the children in school. But she didn't manage and her eldest child, Mlungu, came to work in a factory in Johannesburg.

Nomathemba had no money and no job. But she had her friends from the country. And they did not forget about her. They were now selling all sorts of things at Ikhwezi station. They told Nomathemba to come and join them.

Nomathemba's friends sold everything at the station. Or nearly everything - they didn't sell meat. So Nomathemba decided to sell meat.

She was clever. She knew people can buy raw meat at many places. But when they walked past and smelled her meat cooking, they would think twice.

Nomathemba remembers when she first started. "In the beginning I didn't know much about this business," says Nomathemba. "People try all kind of tricks. Like the time when two men started fighting near me. I ran to stop them because I don't like people to fight. When I got back to the fire, all my meat was gone - and so were the two men."

Nomathemba laughs when she thinks back. And then she remembers another funny



story. "One evening a man came from the beer hall," says Nomathemba. "He was very drunk. He asked me to cook him a piece of meat. When I wrapped the meat for him, he started screaming. He was holding his trouser pocket. He quickly told me the truth. He stole some meat - and it was too hot for his pocket. I laughed and told him to keep the meat free of charge. Today he is my friend and one of my best customers."

Nomathemba gets up early every morning. She has to get ready. Sometimes she must first go and buy meat in Fordsburg - many miles away. She always gets to the station at 10 o'clock in the morning. She leaves at eight in the evening. She stays late because many of her customers come home late from work.

"Standing the whole day and selling meat is not hard," says Nomathemba. "But the police make my life hard. They often arrest me because I don't have a licence. I spend a lot of money on fines. Sometimes I pay R40 in one week on fines - and I only earn about R60 a week.

"Maybe I will go back to my old job and dig trenches again. They tell me there is work at the company again. I will get about the same money I get now - but I won't have to pay all these fines."

So hurry people! Go to the Ikhwezi station before Nomathemba goes back to the trenches. Follow your nose and you will find her. You won't be sorry!



A RURAL SOMEBODY



Since 1960 the government has moved more than 3½ million people off their land. The government said these people were living on 'white' land. So they moved them in big trucks to the homelands. They dumped the people in new homes called resettlement camps - and forgot about them.

Today every homeland has a resettlement camp in one of it's corners. In those camps crops don't grow and animals die. And people have to live there.

In July 1980 Piet Koornhof made

another one of his promises. He said the government won't force people to move again. But Piet's promise was just like all the others. The government still plans to move 2½ million people to the homelands.

The government trucks still drive around the countryside. They stop at some dry and dusty place. They build shiny tin toilets in the middle of nowhere. And the people wonder who they will dump next. Who will they tell to live in a place of death and shiny tin toilets?

Paul Maraba is a rural somebody who knows the meaning of resettlement. This is his story - and the story of millions of people in this country.

LIFE IN THE VILLAGE

"I was born in a house made of grass. Our house was in a village called Middelfontein. The village was near a mountain called Mapatong in the district of Waterberg.

"My father died when I was a small boy. My mother was called Selina. She worked far away in Johannesburg. She only came home once a year. So I lived with my granny. I also lived with my big sister and my big brother.

"We were happy in the village. We had lots of cattle and plenty of food. My granny grew lots of big, round pumpkins.

"The thing I liked most in our village was a car - a big blue car called a 54 Chevy Impala. This car belonged to the doctor. He came to the clinic in the village every Wednesday.

"I loved that car. It had lots of silver on it. And it had a radio. When I was at school I got sick every Wednesday. I just wanted to go and see that car. I went to the clinic so much I failed Sub. A at school.

"I got a big fright when I failed. I wanted to be a doctor. I wanted to drive a big blue 54 Chevy Impala. So I worked hard at school. I passed my Sub. B.

"After school the big boys looked after the cattle. Little boys took the calves down to the river. We swam and caught fish.

"At night we sat by the fire. We listened to the grown ups talk. They talked about farming. They told stories about work on the white farms. They talked about how the farmers swore at them and hit them. They spoke about getting no pay.

"I listened. And sometimes I felt frightened of the big world outside our village.

"After the summer our crops were ripe. The men took the crops to the station at Nylstroom. We went with for the ride. The men loaded mielies and sweet potatoes onto the trains. And we went to buy sweets at the shop near the station.

"At the shop I met my first white boy. He was younger than me. I didn't say anything to him. But the white boy began to kick me and hit me. He stopped when my nose began to bleed.

"I couldn't do anything to him. So I just took my shirt and wiped my nose. It was the first time someone hit me. Well that night, by the fire, the people listened to my story.

"One day we were playing in the fields. I saw my brother running to the house. He had a brown envelope in his hand. It was a telegram for my granny. She could not read and write.

So Abie opened the telegram. He read and said, 'Selina passed away. From Cookie'.

"Abie's eyes began to water. Granny cried out in Afrikaans, 'Here God! Selina lewe nie meernie Wat sal met haar kinders gebeur?'

"Soon after my mother died the government trucks came to Middelfontein.

THE "GOVERNMENT" ARRIVES

"I was 11 years old when the government moved us from Middelfontein. The government lorries came early in the morning.

"The people packed all their goods onto the lorries. I never rode in a big lorry before. So I was happy to go for the ride.

"The men from the "government" said we were moving to a place near a big town.

"I felt happy. But I didn't know how my life would change after that big ride. Before we left Middelfontein I had never slept with hunger in my stomach.

"The lorries dumped us at a place called Syferkuil in Bophuthatswana near Warmbaths. The place had nothing but bush - no streets, no houses, no toilets. The people didn't know what to do.

"Most of the men were working in

town. So the women began to build shacks. My granny was old. She could not build a shack. So that night we slept under a table.

"That night I dreamed of our grass house and the clinic and the shiny blue car. I woke up cold and wet under the table.

"In the morning we had lots of work to do. The people worked hard. Everyone helped build the shacks. We even built a school. But it was not the same as our village. Our village was gone forever.

LIFE IN A RESETTLEMENT CAMP

"Many people got sick in Syferkuil. We got sore eyes and mumps. Many people got a sickness called 'Rooimaag'. This disease makes people shit blood.

"I think we got sick because we didn't have toilets. We had no one to help us. Our clinic was gone. And the doctor no longer came in his big blue car.

"Our shack was crowded. My uncle, my aunt, my granny, my brother and my cousins all lived there. The wind blew through our shack. It blew the candles out. So we couldn't read at night.

"Many men from Syferkuil could not find jobs. We did not have enough food in the shack.

"My uncle began to drink and fight.

Everyone got cross. We all began to fight with each other. Unhappiness moved into our shack.

"At night I went outside to sit in the dark. I remembered our old grass house and the mountain. I remembered my mother and began to cry.

"My granny was too old to work. We had no money for food, clothes and school fees. So I left school after standard two.

"I wanted money for school fees. So I went to work on a white farm - there was no other work. The boers came in tractors and took us to their fields. They paid 15c a day to children and 30c a day to adults.

"I didn't like this. So I stopped work. Many of my friends also had no jobs. We felt angry and lost. We started a gang. We beat people and stole their money. My dream to become a doctor was gone.

"One evening I went with my friends to a shebeen. A woman came in. She put her baby to sleep on a bed in the room. Then a man came in. He was drunk. He walked to the bed and sat down - on the baby!

"I was angry. I shouted at the man. He tried to hit me. I ducked. Then he caught my throat. We fell over. He was on top of me. His hand was on my throat. With one hand I pulled his hand away. With the other hand I got my knife. I stabbed him.

"The man was not badly hurt and my aunt paid for the hospital. But it was a terrible day for me. Two weeks later I was arrested. I stayed in jail for eight weeks. Then I went to court. The magistrate gave me six lashes.

"I knew my life was going bad. I decided to go back to school. My sister sent me to school in the Transkei. I worked hard and finished form five in 1977.

WORKING WITH THE PEOPLE

"But school didn't help me. I went to Pretoria to find work. But the pass office did not let me stay in Pretoria.

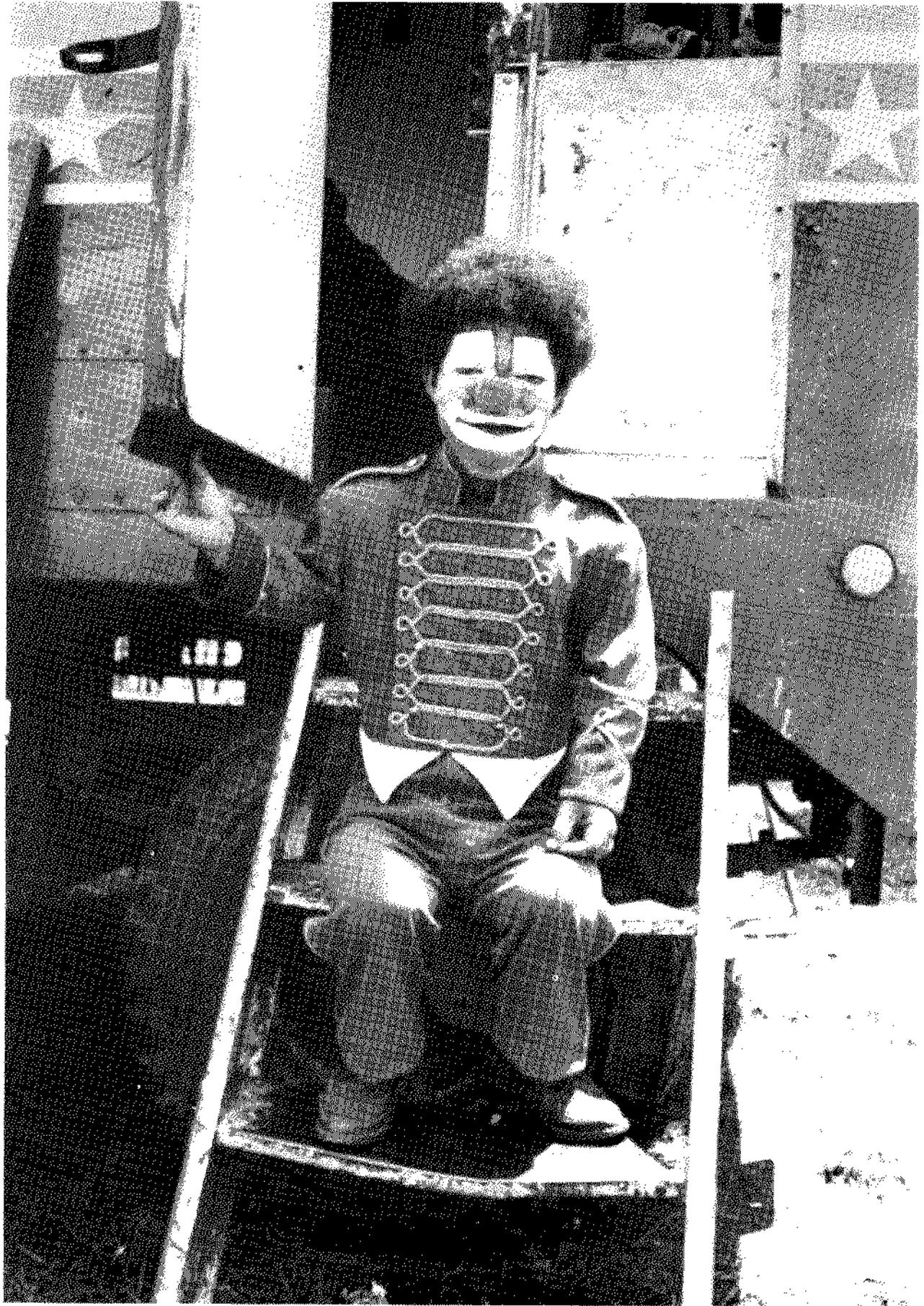
"So now I know, I belong nowhere. I must live in Syferkuil - where there is no work and only hunger.

"I also know there are many people all over the country like me. Now I want to work with the people of Syferkuil. We cannot go on like this. We take bad jobs. We work for boroko. We live in fear of the police. We must stand up and fight for a change in our lives."



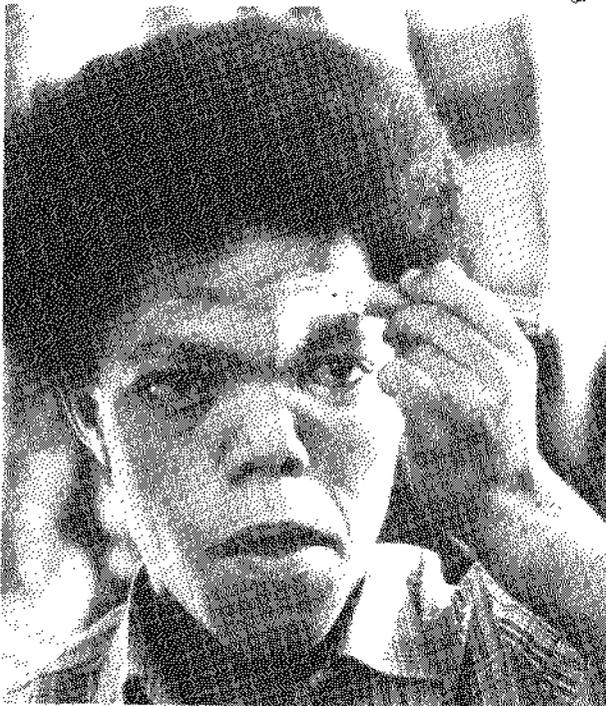
Paul today

THE SHORT and THE BRAVE



I'm Meatball the clown
I jump up and down
I roll on the ground
I run all around
I have to be funny
To get my money

Even when I'm feeling sad
Even when my life is bad
I have to act crazy
I just can't be lazy



You see I am small
Sometimes I wish I was tall
But I took after my granny and ma
And I never grew tall like my pa

My real name is Jannie. I'm 18 years
old
I come from a town with diamonds
and gold
The name of the place is Kimberley
And there I lived with my family
Until my mommy ran away
With a man whose name I never say

Soon after that my daddy died
My granny and I just sat and cried
My uncle Adam took us to stay
At a place called Durban far away

My uncle Adam was a father to me
He took me fishing at the sea
But he was very strict as well
When I was naughty, he could tell
Everytime I came home late
He locked the door, he locked the
gate



At primary school, my life was tough
The other kids were very rough
They laughed at me because I was small
I felt so weak in front of them all
But soon I learned a clever trick
I learned to fight back with a brick
I may be small, but my eyes are strong
When I throw a brick, I don't get it wrong



Sometimes school was not so bad
I remember good times that I had
I played cricket and I acted in plays
So there were some quite happy days



But I broke Uncle's rule
I liked to dodge school
Down by the sea
My chommies and me
We had fun at the pinball halls
There we played with the silver balls
Because I was small I stood on a crate
I won all my games and I felt really great

One day we were walking down at the sea
A car drove past. The driver looked at me
Then he turned around, and back he came
He stopped his car and he told me his name
He said, "the circus needs a guy like you
Come and work at the circus. Lets see what you can do"





I was scared but I wanted to go
And try my luck in the circus show
I told my aunty and she let the family
know
Then my whole family met to decide
yes or no

Uncle Adam was worried. He said,
"What if you get hurt
What if you end up lying in the dirt?
And also something else - you haven't
finished school

I don't want my Jannie to grow up a
fool"

But in the end he nodded his head
I packed my bags and sat sadly on my
bed

I said goodbye to my family, and
cried a few tears

They were good to me for many long
years

Then my new life started, I changed

my name

Life was not at all the same

Tommy the clown taught me what to
do

I learned that a clown can never look
blue

I learned the tricks, I painted my face
And I played the fool all over the
place

Then the circus left Durban and that
was bad

I felt worried and lonely and very sad
I only felt better

When my family sent a letter

But now I feel fine because I've got
a friend

My lonely days have come to an end
My friend is Johan and he works the
circus lights

We sit together and talk in the nights
I like my job and I feel okay

Jannie with his best friend Johan



Maybe the good days are here to stay
When people laugh I'm happy as well
But when they don't clap I feel like
hell

Maybe when I leave this job, I'll be a
movie star
Maybe in that job I'll go really far
Then later on my dream will come
true

And I'll buy my own roadhouse,
bright and new

But for now I'm Meatball the clown
I jump up and down
I roll on the ground
I run all around
I have to be funny
To get my money

LEARN and TEACH

1984

SIYAWA NOMA KUNJANI

SUNDAY	JANUARY	FEBRUARY	MARCH	
MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	
FRIDAY	SATURDAY	APRIL		
SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	
THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	MAY	
SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY
FRIDAY	SATURDAY	JUNE		JULY
SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY
FRIDAY	SATURDAY	AUGUST		OCTOBER
SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY
FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SEPTEMBER		NOVEMBER
SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY
FRIDAY	SATURDAY	DECEMBER		



Kippie "Morolong" Moeketse (1925 - 1983)

“Dim eyes and a sore back”

The dangers of shift work

The time is 2 o'clock in the morning. An old woman is on her knees sweeping the floor. She works quickly. She must clean another six floors before the sun comes up.

Outside the night is dark. The woman works alone. She has nobody to talk to. So she thinks of her children at home.

She sees the kids sleeping all alone. She hopes they are safe.

In the morning they will go to school before she comes home. When they return she will leave for work. So she won't see her kids until Sunday. Her heart feels sad.

The woman is a night shift worker. Her name is Dora. She is one of many thousands of shift workers in this country. Like all shift workers Dora suffers from many problems.

A new organization called the Health

Information Centre (HIC) studied the health problems of shift workers.

HIC is a group of doctors. They help workers to fight for their health rights at work.

They say that thousands of workers like Dora can get sick because of shift work.

This is what HIC says about the health problems of shift workers:

EYE PROBLEMS

Many night workers get eye problems. The lights in buildings at night are very bright. And people don't get much sleep when they work shifts. Both these things give workers eye problems.

One worker told HIC, "My eyes are sore -I think because of the night lights." And another worker said, "My eyes are sore and go dim."

NOT ENOUGH SLEEP

Night workers get very little sleep. Most night workers get two hours less sleep than other workers. And they don't sleep well because of the noise in the day.

People who don't sleep well get headaches. They suffer from nervous problems. Because their bodies don't rest they get illnesses like cold and flu more quickly.

HEADACHES

Many night shift workers get

headaches. They get headaches from the bright lights and little sleep. One night shift worker told HIC, "I use headache powder everyday."

SORE BACKS

Many shift workers bend over and work on their knees at night - mostly office cleaners. So many shift workers get sore backs and sore legs.

SORE STOMACHS

Shops and canteens are not open late at night. So most shift workers cannot buy food. They do not eat well. One woman said, "When I eat late my stomach doesn't work well."

Night workers smoke a lot of cigarettes and drink a lot of coffee to stay awake. Cigarettes and coffee can give workers stomach problems. So many shift workers get diarrhoea (running stomachs), constipation (blocked stomachs), and ulcers (sores in the stomach).

OTHER PROBLEMS

Shift workers also suffer from other problems. For example, they don't often see their families and friends. And they don't have time to join organizations or clubs. One woman said her husband left her because she had no time to sleep with him.

HIC says workers must fight to make shift work more healthy. And they tell workers to try to fight together in trade unions - because workers are stronger when they stand together in trade unions. HIC has made a list of

things workers can fight for:

- * Workers must have a say in how shifts work.
- * Shift workers need more time to rest at night.
- * Shift workers must get good meals at night.
- * If the workers belong to a union, then the bosses must let them meet at night. The bosses must also talk to the union at night.
- * Shift workers must fight for shorter shifts.
- * Shift workers must get many free weekends to be with their families.
- * Shift workers must get transport to and from work.
- * Shift workers must get help if they are sick or hurt at work.
- * Bosses must give shift workers more pay.

HIC gives advice to trade unions about workers health rights. If your union needs advice about health problems you can go to HIC. Or you can write to them. Their address is:

Health Information Centre (HIC)
1 Melle House
Cnr Melle and Jorissen Streets
Braamfontein
Johannesburg
Phone. 339 - 7411

'Waiting for the rising sun'

A HISTORY OF REGGAE MUSIC

I love funky and I love soul

Sometimes a little blues will please my soul.

But when I want something to rock my soul

Give me Reggae everytime.

Fifteen years ago, people listened to reggae music in only one country Jamaica. Jamaica is a small island far away in the Carribean Sea.

Only the poor people of Jamaica liked reggae. Reggae was born in the shantytowns of Kingston. Kingston is the biggest city of Jamaica.

The musicians lived with the people in the shantytowns. They were part of the people. They understood the suffering. And they sang about it.

They sang about unemployment, hunger and violence. They sang about suffering - but the music was also strong and full of hope. That is why the people loved it.

The fans knew that reggae music was good. They knew that it must spread to other countries. And they were right. That is what happened.

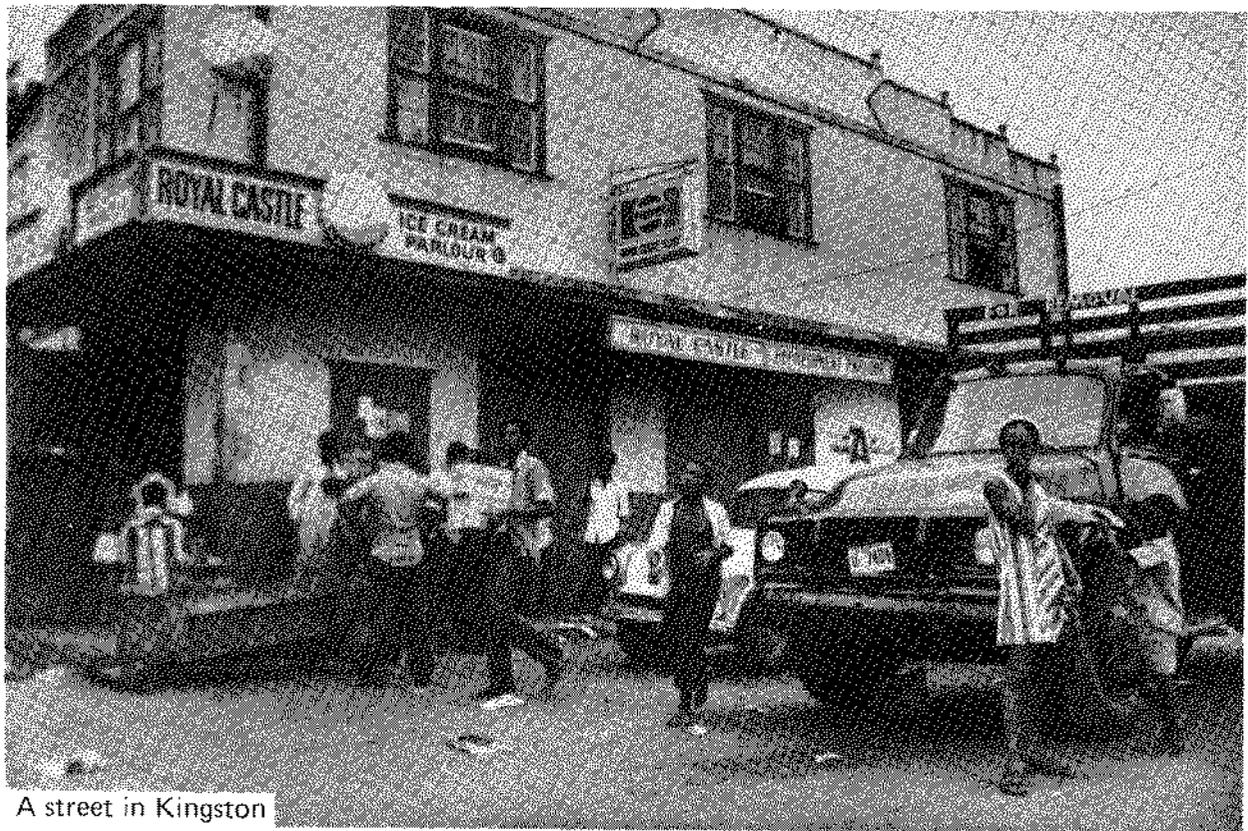
In the 1970's, musicians like Jimmy



Cliff, Bob Marley and Peter Tosh grew famous in England and America. Today there are reggae musicians in lots of different countries - even South Africa. And there are thousands of reggae fans all over the world.

Maybe reggae is so special because the people made it - poor, ordinary people. Reggae music is the people talking. And it comes from the soul.

Poor people have lived in Jamaica for a long long time. In all that time, lots of things happened. And all those stories are in the music today.



A street in Kingston

2

Just over 300 years ago, Britain began to rule Jamaica. Before that, Spain ruled Jamaica. By the time the Spanish left Jamaica, most of the Karib people in Jamaica were dead. The Karibs had lived in Jamaica for hundreds of years.

So the new rulers had a problem. They owned Jamaica and all its sugar fields. But they did not have enough people to work for them.

But these were days of slavery. So they sent ships to Africa. And for 250 years, the ships brought slaves from Africa to Jamaica.

The slaves were forced to leave Africa for ever. But they never forgot where they came from. They took their African music with them to Jamaica.

And they passed it down to their children and grandchildren. The old African beat is still alive in reggae music today.

Many reggae songs are about slavery. The musicians remember their forefathers - the slaves who sweated and suffered in the sugar cane fields.

Bob Marley sang:

Slave drivers

Your table is turned

Catch your fire

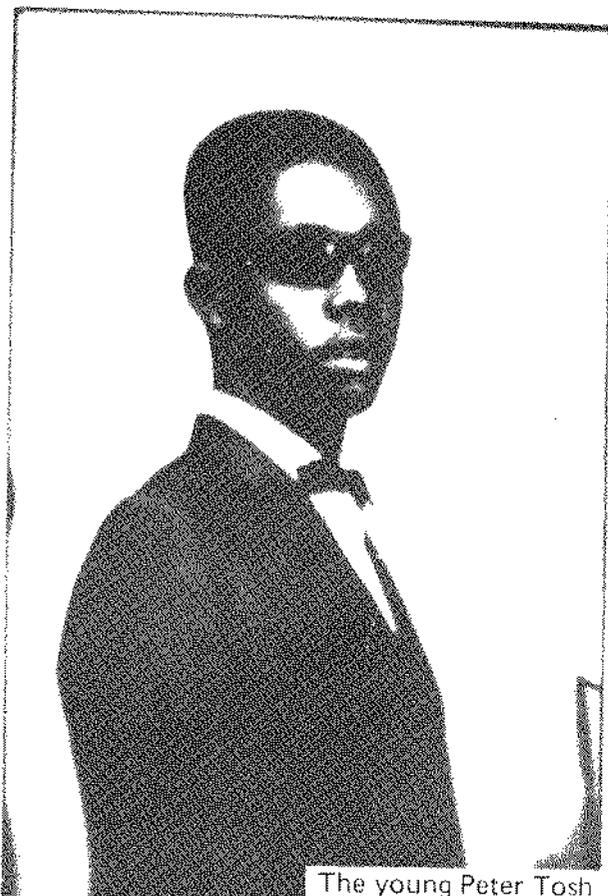
You are going to be burned

Every time I hear the crack of a whip

My blood runs cold.

3

In 1838 the years of slavery ended. But the people of Jamaica were still



The young Peter Tosh
not free. They were still poor. Wages
were low and life was a struggle.

The people still didn't forget Africa.
They heard stories about strong
African fighters like Shaka in South
Africa and Ja Ja in West Africa. These
stories gave them hope.

In the 1920's something important
happened in Jamaica. A Jamaican man
called Marcus Garvey started to fight
for the rights of black people. He told
all the black people of the world to
unite and fight.

Marcus Garvey told the people in
Jamaica about a new king in Africa.
The king's name was Haile Selassie.
His other name was Ras Tafari. He
ruled a country called Ethiopia.

And so in 1930, a new religion began
in Jamaica. The religion is called
Rastafari. And people who believe in
this religion are called rastafarians.

Today Rastafari is a very strong
religion in Jamaica. They believe that
Emperor Haile Selassie is the living
God. They call God "Jah". And they
read the Old Testament of the Bible.

They wear their hair in dreadlocks
just like the fighters in East Africa.
They smoke a lot of ganja (dagga).
They believe ganja is a herb from
heaven.

They also believe that one day all
black people will go back to Africa.
The "Mighty Diamonds" sing a song
called Africa:

Africa our father's land is calling us
home
So long we have been a slave
And no more will be one
So I hope and I pray
That the day will come
When we will see the rising sun
no more crying
Nor victimising
No more starvation
No more killing

Rastafari religion is a very big part of
reggae music. Most reggae musicians
are rastafarians - and they sing lots of
songs about Rastafari.

4

Britain ruled Jamaica until 1962.

Joe Higg's having a puff



Then Jamaica got it's own government. Rich people from other countries came there for long, lazy holidays. For them, sunny Jamaica was a great place.

But Jamaica was not a great place for the people living there. There was no work in the countryside. People were starving. So thousands of people moved to Kingston. But few people found work there. They lived and suffered together in the big shantytowns outside Kingston.

Because many young guys had no work, they became gangsters. They were called the "rude boys". And they were sharp and fast and ready to kill.

The Slickers sing this song about the rude boys.

Walking down the road with a pistol

in your waist.

Johnny you're too bad

Walking down the road with a ratchet



Haile Selassie



Marcus Garvey

in your waist
 Johnny you're too bad
 You're just robbing and stabbing and
 looting and shooting
 You know you're too bad.

In the 1960's something new came to
 Jamaica - vans that played music. The
 vans drove around the streets of
 shantytown. And they played records
 at big parties in peoples' backyards.

First they played American records.
 But then they paid rude boys to sing
 on records. They didn't pay the rude
 boys very much - but the rude boys
 loved singing.

The rude boys first made music called
 "ska". Later, ska turned into music
 called "rock - steady". And in the last
 years of the 1960's, rock-steady
 turned into reggae.

Many rude boys died young. But
 others became reggae stars. People like
 Max Romeo, Jimmy Cliff, Desmond
 Dekker and Peter Tosh were all rude
 boys.

5

Reggae singers sing about slavery.
 They sing about Rastafari. And they
 sing about the rude boys and life in
 the shantytowns.

Reggae singers also sing about some-
 thing else - violence in Jamaica.
 Jamaica is a very rough place. There
 are too many guns. And there is a lot
 of fighting and killing.

The people fight and kill each other in
 the crowded shantytowns. The people
 in different political parties fight each
 other. And like in many other
 countries, the police are very cruel.
 And the poor people and the
 rastafarians suffer the most.

Jimmy Cliff sings a song called "Peace
 Officer":

Police officer
 Are you a warrior
 Got your knife, got your gun
 Got your bayonet, got your gas bomb
 Got your dog, got your baton
 Got your whip, got your whistle
 Is it war you are defending
 Or is it peace?

Reggae music is against violence. It's against war. The "Gladiators" sing.

Jah didn't make us to live like beasts
No more fighting
No more killing
Let love and beauty abide

But the reggae singers say that the fighting won't stop by itself. And the police won't stop killing people just like that. And people won't suddenly stop suffering.

The fighting will only stop when people stand together - and work together. Bunny Wailer sings.

The world won't get no better if we all let it be
We got to change our ways
You and me

And Peter Tosh sings:
Get up, stand up
Stand up for your rights
Get up, stand up
Don't give up the fight



Shantytown in Jamaica

English Lesson

Read the story.

All workers want more money. The bosses want big profits. So there is a problem. The bosses don't listen when one worker asks for more money. They say, "If you don't like the money you can go." But when workers stand together they are strong. Then they can talk to the bosses with one strong voice.

Trade unions organize workers from many factories in one organization. Then the workers in the factories elect shop stewards. The shop stewards and the workers talk about the problems in the factory. Then the shop stewards talk to the bosses. The shop stewards try to get more money and better working conditions for the workers.

Can you answer the questions?

Draw a line under the right answer.

- 1 When one worker asks for more money the bosses
 - a) say yes.
 - b) don't listen.
 - c) always fire the worker.
- 2 We say the workers are united when
 - a) the workers stand together.
 - b) the workers talk to the bosses.
 - c) the workers ask for more money.

3 A union is

- a) the shop stewards.
- b) the workers.
- c) the union office.

4 Shop stewards

- a) help the bosses.
- b) get more money.
- c) talk for all the workers in the factory.

Can you fill in the missing words?

Trade unions organize _____ from many factories in one organization. Then the workers in the factories elect _____. The shop stewards and the workers _____ the problems in the factory. Then the shop stewards _____ the bosses. The shop stewards try to get more money and _____ working conditions _____ the workers.

Look for the words here

workers, shop stewards, talk about, talk to, better, for,

Can you make a sentence?

1) in factories the elect workers The stewards. shop

2) want The big bosses profits.

here are the answers.

1) The workers in the factories elect shop stewards.
2) The bosses want big profits.

Read the story

I started at Smits in 1962. From 1962 to 1980 the workers received very little money. The workers agreed to the small bonuses and low wages. But we were not happy. In 1981 we joined a trade union. The union united all the workers in the factory. We elected shop stewards. Then the shop stewards talked to the bosses. The shop stewards asked for more money. The bosses listened to the shop stewards. Now we get more money. The union helped the workers. Now the bosses don't give the workers more work for less money.

Make sentences with these words

You can look for the sentences in the story.

1) I started Smits 1962.

2) From 1962 to 1982 workers received

3) Workers agreed to

4) were not happy

5) 1981 joined trade union

6) union united workers

7) elected shop stewards

8) shop stewards talked bosses

9) shop stewards asked money

10) bosses listened shop stewards

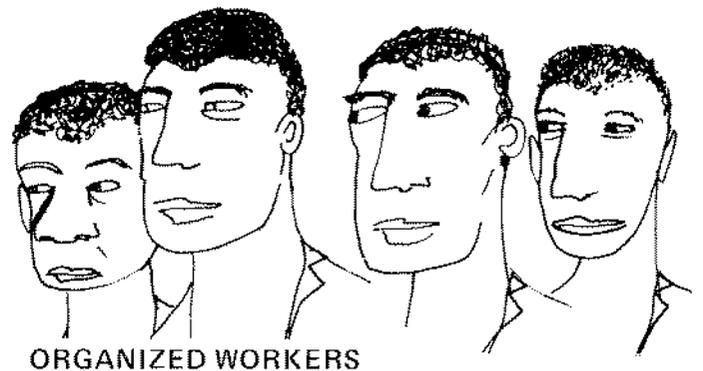
11) union helped workers

Look at the pictures from 1 to 4. They tell a story. Can you write the story?

1



2



Letters from our readers

Dear Learn and Teach

I want to thank you for your help. I want to tell you how your magazine helped me. Your poster about the New Workers' Rights law helped me.

I was a scooter driver. One day I had an accident on the scooter. In the accident I hurt my hand. I did not work the next day. Then my boss said I must go back to work - even with a sore hand.

The next week I got a traffic ticket. The traffic cop said the bike was not roadworthy. I took the ticket to my boss. My boss was angry. He said, "Last week you didn't work. Now you come with a ticket. You must leave."

I read about the New Workers' Rights law in Learn and Teach No. 5. I wrote to my old boss. I told him I want my notice in writing. I told him the law says that notice does not start until I get it in writing. I told him to pay me until he gave me the notice letter. I also asked for my U.I.F. card.

I also went to the Industrial Council with my demands. After two weeks I got a letter from the Industrial Council. They told me to go and fetch two weeks pay from my old boss. I went and got a cheque for R180.98.

Thank you for your help.

Sithando
GREYVILLE

Thanks for the letter Sithando. We are glad the New Workers' Rights poster helped you. The new law says that bosses must give workers notice in writing. But workers must remember that sometimes other laws say what bosses must do. These laws are called Industrial Council Agreements or Wage Determinations. These laws sometimes say different things about notice. So workers must check their industrial council agreements or wage determinations before they ask for notice in writing. Trade unions or worker advice offices can help workers with this. -editor

Dear Learn and Teach

We want you to help us. We have a big problem. We stay with some old people. We pay them lodging fees. But the old woman does not want us to study at night. She says we use a lot of candles. Can you help us with this problem?

J.M. and P.M.
NIGEL

Sorry to hear about your problem. Maybe you can start a study club. Everyone in the club can study together. You can study at a different home each night. Or the club can speak to the headmaster of your school. He may give you a place to study. Or maybe the club can use a church hall nearby. We hope these ideas will help you. If you still have problems please write again. -editor

Dear Learn and Teach

I am 17 years old. I am in standard 10. I am very interested in singing and I want to act in a play. Does anybody want to do the same things as me? If you do, please write to me. My address is: P.O. Box 142, ONDANGWA, Namibia, 9000.
Kyiiki Nampala

Dear Learn and Teach

I like your magazine very much. It doesn't have any horrible advertisements. Will you please tell me more about journalism. I also want to learn how to use a camera.

Dumisani W. Mavimbela
DAVEYTON

Thanks for your letter. To find out more about training in journalism you can write to: Education Information Centre (EIC)
6th Floor Dunwell House
35 Jorissen Street
Braamfontein
2001

To find out about courses in photography you can write or go to:
Interchurch Media Programme
1st Floor Khotso House
42 De Villiers Street
P.O. Box 9942
Johannesburg
2001

Dear Learn and Teach

I have read the Learn and Teach magazine since January 1983. Can you please tell me how to get a bursary? Happy new year to you!

Gabriel Selahle
STEELPOORT

Thanks for the letter Gabriel. Write to The Education Information Centre (EIC). The address is: E I C 6th Floor Dunwell House, 35 Jorissen Street, Braamfontein, 2001. Good luck and happy new year to you.

-editor

Dear Learn and Teach

I was very interested in the story "A test that saves women from cancer". I hope many women read the story and go for pap smears straight away. Why don't more doctors tell women about pap smears?

Peter Sesedinganase
SOWETO

Thanks for your letter Peter. I'm glad you care about the health of women. The government spends a lot of money on family planning clinics. But they don't spend much money telling women about pap smears. Maybe that's why many doctors don't tell women about this important test.

-editor

Dear Learn and Teach

I read the last 14 copies of Learn and Teach. I really love Learn and Teach. I use the English lessons to teach my brother English. My young brother likes the stories on Sloppy and Dumpy.

Your articles on Skin Lightening Creams and Workers' Rights are very important. Please can you write stories about Lesotho. Your magazine helps the people of Lesotho. We love you.

J.T. Pepenene
RAMA LESOTHO

Thanks for the letter. We want to write stories about Lesotho. How about sending us some ideas

-editor

Dear Learn and Teach

I read your magazine. It is wonderful. I was bad in English. Now my English is much better since I read your magazine. Even your comic about Sloppy and Dumpy helps me. Please send me all your old magazines from last year.

Charles Moloi
Meadowlands, SOWETO

Thanks for the letter Charles. We love hearing from our readers. Please tell us if you want magazines from 1982 or from 1983. When you write again please send a postal order for R2.50. This money is for 10 old copies of the magazine.

-editor

Dear Learn and Teach

I read Learn and Teach. Now I have a new friend. I buy the magazine every month.

Can you do me a favour. Please send me the address of Peter Tosh. Please send me a big picture of Peter Tosh for my room.

E. Nepembe
Arandis, NAMIBIA

Thanks for your letter. We looked every where but we could not find Peter Tosh's address. But look at this month's magazine. It has a story on reggae. We hope you like it. We will send you a picture of Peter Tosh.

-editor

Dear Learn and Teach

I was excited to read the magazine. I have three questions in mind. Please try answer my questions. 1. Who are we? 2. Why are we here? 3. Where are we going?

Christiaan Mbekela
Tantjie Location
GRAHAMSTOWN

Thanks for the letter Christiaan. I'm still scratching my head. If I find the answers, I will let you know. If you find the answers in the meantime, please let me know. Good thinking and happy scratching.

-editor

WRITE TO US AT
LEARN and TEACH
PO. BOX 11074
JOHANNESBURG 2000

SLOPPY

THE FATHER CHRISTMAS.

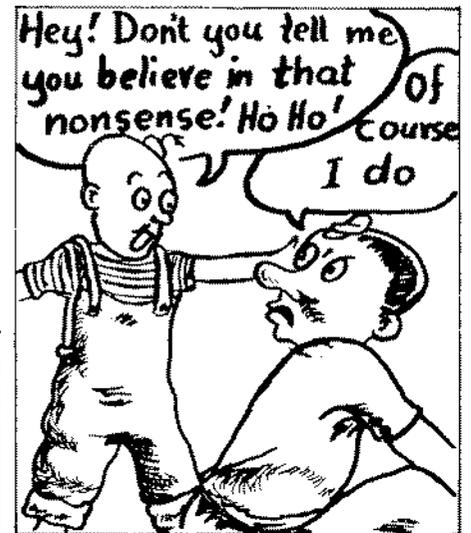
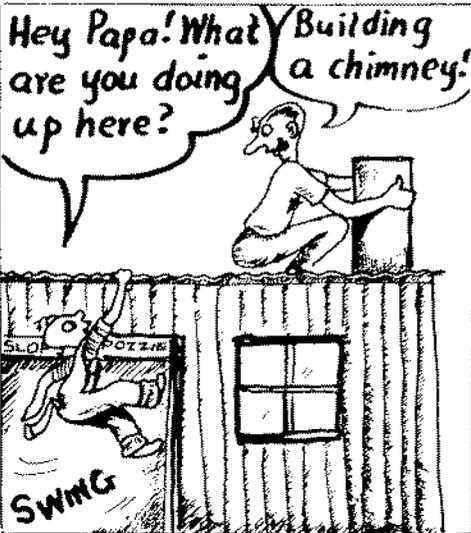
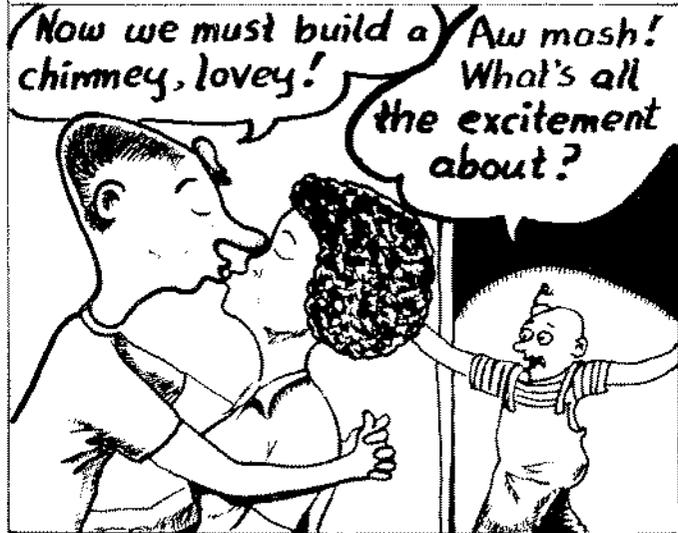
6-12-83



It's a week before Christmas. Uncle Jake brings Sloppy and Lizzie a Christmas present.



Uncle Jake wishes them a Happy Christmas. Then he leaves



The next day Sloppy finds a part-time job.



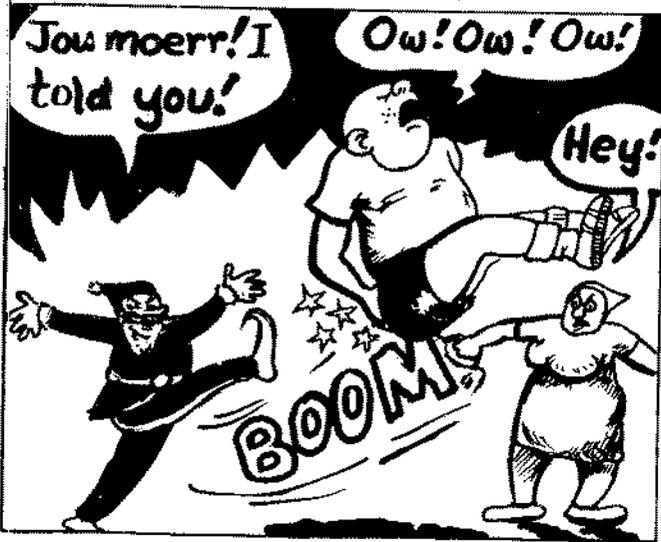
Sloppy gets his uniform...



He is dragged to work straight away...



Then Sloppy gets angry. He kicks one of the kids in the pants ...



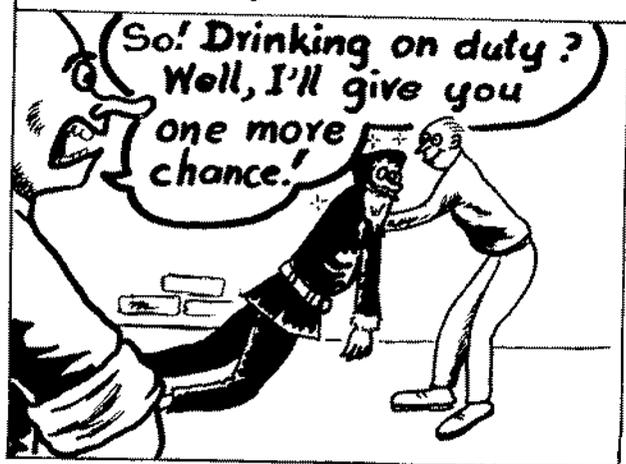
The boy's mother sees Sloppy kicking the child. She chases Sloppy...



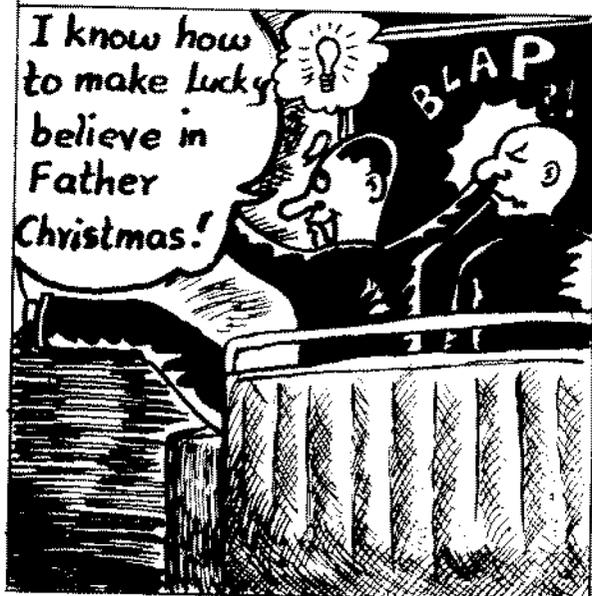
Sloppy's beard gets caught in a revolving door.



The door stops. But the manager heard the noise. He sees Sloppy... feeling quite dizzy...



Sloppy knocks off. He catches a bus home. Then he gets an idea..

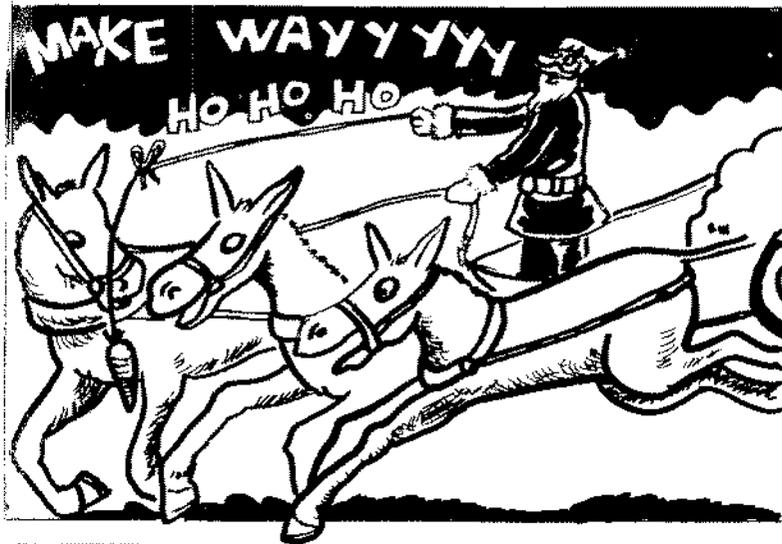


Christmas eve. Sloppy goes to borrow mules from a friend. The friend owns a coalyard. The owner agrees...



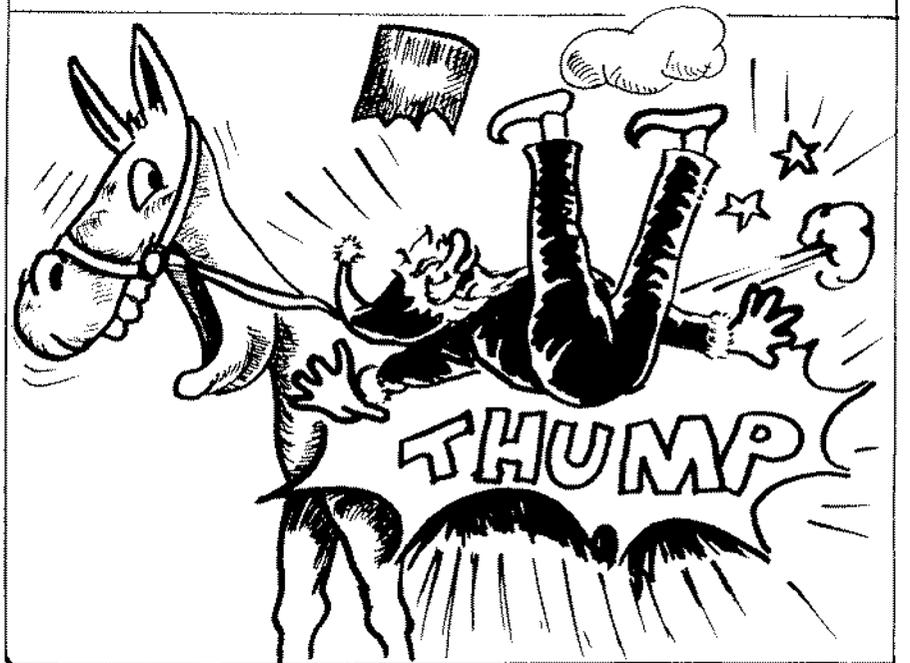
Then Sloppy thinks of an old trick. He puts a carrot in front of the mules.

The mules take Sloppy for a ride around his shack...



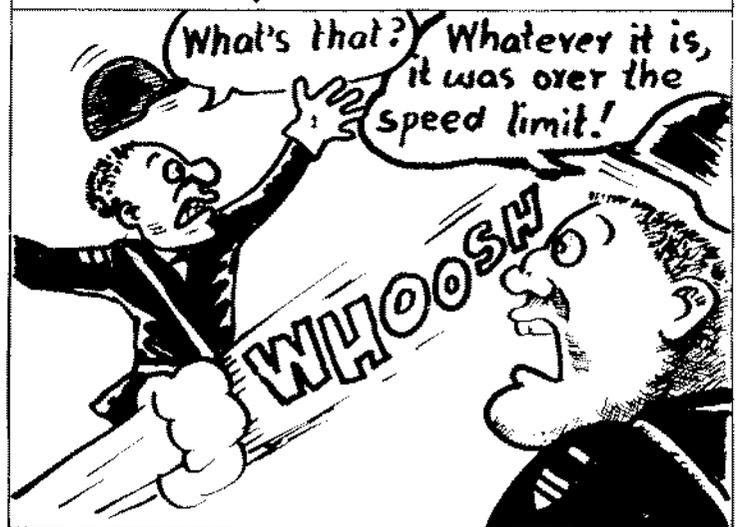
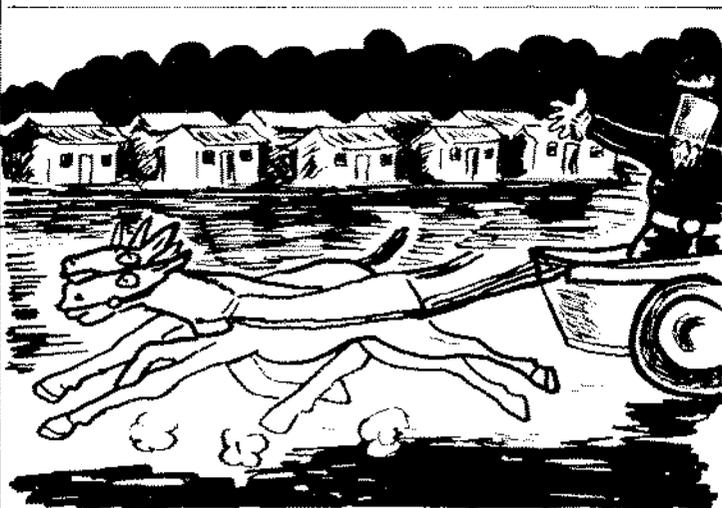
Then Sloppy climbs onto the roof. But he gets stuck in the chimney...

Sloppy struggles to get free. The chimney breaks. Sloppy falls onto one of the mules.



The mules get a fright. They run off.

Sloppy rides past two traffic cops.



The traffic cops chase Sloppy. They overtake him.

Hey! You were doing over 120 km an hour!

That's right! Who are you?



Sloppy takes off the chimney.

I'm Father Christmas!



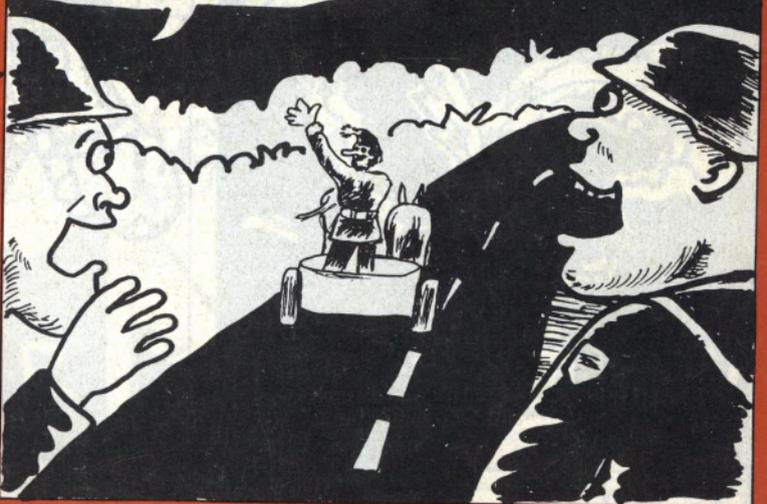
Hey! I always knew you were for real!

Yah! You can go!



Hey! Don't forget to bring me a teddy bear next Christmas!

And bring me an aeroplane!



Heyta daar! Best wishes from Lizzie, Dumpy, Gladys, Lucky, Uncle Jake and the whole Learn and Teach gang!

HO HO HO HO HO HO



THE END